

THE LEISURE HOUR:

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 92.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1853.

{ PRICED 1d.
STAMPED 2d.



A GENTLEMAN IN DISTRESS.

THE GRAFTON FAMILY.

CHAPTER VIII.—ONWARD!

We must ask our readers to return with us to the date of the Graftons' removal from their lodgings at the Grove, and their disappearance from Isling-

No. 92. 1853.

ton. And as we do not care to make mysteries where there are none, we will explain that the gentleman whom we have known as "the senior partner" had not been altogether unmindful of his promise, and indeed had rather exceeded it, by

SS

having unsolicitedly, and just at the time when Mrs. Grafton was in deep perplexity as to what should be done next, offered to place Lotté in the establishment of a west-end dressmaker, by paying her apprenticeship fees. The offer was too opportune to be rejected; but it laid upon Mrs. Grafton the necessity of removal to another part of London, less distant from the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, for the young apprentice was to lodge at her mother's home. In one of the western suburbs of London, then, which we need not more particularly indicate, and in one of its meaner streets, to which we may safely give the name of Wellington without fear of betraying its exact locality, a light van, lightly laden, was one day observed to stop at a previously empty house. A slight, pale youth of respectable exterior accompanied the driver, and assisted in removing the household furniture and trunks, of which the van-load consisted, into the dwelling; and then the van departed, leaving the boy in sole possession.

Later on that day, a hackney carriage drove to the door, and from it stepped a lady and two girls, all in mourning dresses. They were welcomed by the youth, who was evidently looking out for them; and, after payment of the driver's fare, the door closed upon the strangers, and was opened no more that evening.

The street, we have said, was a mean one. It principally consisted of dwellings containing five or six small rooms each, with a small bit of garden-ground in front, separated from the pavement by low wooden rails. The road-way was either very dusty or very dirty, according to the state of the weather; for water-carts and scavengers rarely visited it. It was not much of a thoroughfare, and on that account was safer than it might otherwise have been for the neglected children of all ages who made it their playground, they having no other, and one of whose choice amusements, after a seasonable shower, was to sit or sprawl by the gutter side.

"As good as gold, making little dirt-pies."

There was a gin-palace at one corner of the street, a baker's shop about half way down it, a potato and coal-shed opposite, and a chandler shop at another corner. There were milliners', and dressmakers', and bonnet-cleaners' cards in a few of the windows on each side of the way; but, with the exception of the aforesaid palace, every house had a grim, neglected, and comfortless look about it; many windows were broken, and more cracked, and all were dim and dirty; there was scarcely a clean window-curtain or blind to be seen from one end of the street to the other; the garden palings were mutilated; there was a sad deficiency of paint on the doors and window-frames; and the little gardens were very convenient for any purpose apart from that for which they were originally and primarily intended. It was a populous street; for the houses were low-rented, as they had need and deserved to be; while in close proximity were gay residences, the inhabitants of which never dreamt that so much dirt and discomfort as might have been found in Wellington-street reigned supreme almost at their very doors.

If the new tenants of No. 15 had not been very singular in their habits, their advent would scarcely

have been noticed by the neighbours on either hand, or over the way; but when it was seen that the small dwelling, almost from the first day they entered, began to put on an unusually fresh appearance; that the windows were cleansed from the accumulated dirt and dust of the whole season; that the garden was dug and raked, and tastily decorated with plants and flowers; that the wood-work of the cottage was fresh painted; and that every window of the three in front was shaded by neat muslin dwarf-blinds and falling curtains; then, curiosity was excited to find out what strange beings these were who had so unaccountably stumbled upon a home in Wellington-street.

On further investigation, it was discovered or surmised that the widow—for she was a widow, this new resident, whoever she might be—was as poor as the generality of her neighbours, and that she avoided, as far as possible, all communication with them. It was further made known, by a woman who had assisted in cleaning the dirty house on their first entrance, and who periodically "did the washing" for Mrs. Grafton, that she was "uncommon genteel and particular, and uncommon close;" that she and her children "had the best of linen and such like;" but that, as far as she could see, they had to suffer in their diet for what their pride put upon their backs: at any rate, they knew how to make a little go a long way.

Other discoveries were made. The elder daughter was never seen near home during the day-time, except on Sundays, when the whole family were in the habit, after locking up the house, of going out together, "all dress up," as was supposed, to some church or chapel; but as the inhabitants of Wellington-street were unhappily not much addicted to church or chapel-going, this was, for some time, a matter of conjecture. What became of the girl on the other days of the week was not known, except that very regularly every morning, at an early hour, she passed down the street, accompanied by her brother; and at a late hour in the evening returned homeward under the same protection. The boy himself seemed to have little to do besides this morning and evening squireship, only that he was the general messenger and purveyor for the household. Frequently, however, he was absent during the day, and on his return had a jaded and anxious look, like that of one who has been seeking what could not be or was not found. It was discovered, also, that other menial work beside that of fetching loaves from the baker's and groceries from the chandler's shop fell to his share. He was seen early one morning, almost before light, cleaning the windows, and at another time washing the doorstep, while the charwoman was pretty sure that Bertie cleaned all the knives and forks and spoons, and "twasn't a few they used, considering, for they were mighty particular in their eating, though they did stint themselves, she reckoned."

A great many more particulars came to light in process of time, and many deductions were drawn, which by no means caused the Graftons to be looked upon with favourable regard. It was evident that they had notions of respectability not at all compatible with the general habits of Wellington-street, the inhabitants whereof had "no notion of people setting themselves up above their neighbours in

that sort of way." Even the cheerfulness and decency of the outer aspect of their dwelling was a tacit reproof of the general neglect, and was resented accordingly, and mischievous boys often tore up and demolished at night the flowers which little Harriet—the Harry of our previous chapters—and her brother had planted and watered in the day.

Patience and forbearance, however, do wonders; and when the inhabitants of Wellington-street found that the new-comers were quiet and peaceable, uncomplaining and unobtrusive, they soon left off troubling themselves about them; and an event in which Bertie became the heroic deliverer of a neighbour's child, in rescuing him from the wheels of a furiously-driven cart, and Mrs. Grafton, the good Samaritan, in binding up a slight wound or two the child had received, and taking it home to its mother in her own arms, turned the tide in their favour. The example they set, also, was so far infectious that some of the more decent inhabitants of the street began to think that clean windows, and white window-blinds, and tidy gardens, looked somewhat more respectable than dirt and neglect, and acted accordingly.

It became known too, that, however poor the Graftons were—and poor they must be to live in Wellington-street—they did not get into debt, either at the chandler's, or the baker's, or the coal and potato merchant's; and after a few weeks, it was understood, by certain signs and tokens, that the widow was not above working for her living. At any rate, she was seen daily, at certain hours, to leave her dwelling, to which she as regularly returned after the lapse of some hours, and of course that wasn't for nothing. There was no great mystery in this. Mrs. Grafton had again sought out and found employment as a daily governess. A few weeks later, and her son was no more seen in Wellington-street, while his sister's morning and evening walks were thenceforward, for some time at least, solitary. The reason and manner of Bertie's disappearance were as follow.

Returning homewards one rough, blustering, windy January morning, after accompanying Lotté to her employer's work-rooms, he observed a stout gentleman in a state of ludicrous perplexity, at which he might have smiled, but for the look of evident distress which accompanied it, and aroused his sympathy. Perhaps Bertie would not have smiled, though; for care sat heavily on his heart. He alone of all the small and depressed family of which he formed a part seemed to be useless. His mother, struggling against poverty, strove, as stout-hearted women can and do strive—as hundreds around us are daily striving—to overcome it. Lotté had work to do, and cheerfully did it. Even little Harry was not idle. Wasn't she the deputy housekeeper, and a nice little merry one too? He alone—poor Bertie—seemed useless in the world—an incumbrance, eating the bread of idleness; and none is so bitter as that. Not that he had not sought work: Bertie had done that. His mother, too, had sought it for him; and she had written—a forlorn hope—but she had written to Mr. Nelson, asking his help, and had received a kind and encouraging reply; but nothing had come of all her efforts, nor of Bertie's: and there he was, willing to work, and able; idle on compulsion, or if not idle, inactive and profitless; so he deemed himself.

And when he thought of his resolutions, formed by his mother's sick-bed, to put himself forward manfully in the battle of life, and felt those resolutions strong within him still, but believed himself thrust aside as a worthless thing, he hadn't the heart to smile. Poor Bertie did not know how needful and salutary this discipline was to him—how good it is that a man should "bear the yoke in his youth;" nor how common a case it is that those who seem to have cleared for themselves a broad pathway through life, and to leave tracks behind them of strong determined energy and effort, have had, at some period in their history, to *wait and hope, and hope and wait.*

And so, heart-sickened as he was, Bertie was not disposed to smile when he saw a stout gentleman, overloaded with luggage, which he could not be persuaded to part with, though one ragged, hungry-looking, eager boy after another offered his services as porter, hurrying along with extreme haste, as though life or death depended on his exertions; while, cold as the day was, and biting as was the wind, perspiration ran down his full-blown, red cheeks in large and unctuous drops, nay streams: we say, Bertie did not smile when he saw the stout pedestrian suddenly brought to an abrupt standstill by the sudden loss of his hat, which a gust of wind from a cross street unceremoniously lifted from his head, and whirled into the air, and then dashed into the middle of Piccadilly, and trundled merrily along the road, like a thing instinct with life and motion, as if gamboling for its own sweet will and pleasure. For a second only, the hat's owner contemplated with consternation the erratic course of his faithless friend, and then, encumbered as he was, darted onward in pursuit, amidst the loud laughter of spectators, and accompanied in the exciting chase by the urchins whom he had just repulsed. But the unfortunate pursuer had not yet reached the extent of his perplexity. As he hurried along, puffing and panting, with a huge carpet-bag in one hand, a slight deal box in the other, an umbrella and sundry paper packages under each arm, a string gave way, the box fell to the ground with a crash, the lid flew open, and a lady's bonnet, with many ribbons, which fluttered like streamers in the wild breeze, escaped from its confinement, and was on the point of following the hat in its continued flight, when Bertie, who had hitherto been a quiet spectator of the scene, stopped its progress, and restored it to the bewildered owner.

"Clap it on your head, old gentleman!" shouted a cabman, to whom, among others who began to encircle the stout stranger, his confusion and distress were yielding high gratification; "twill keep you from catching cold!"

"What did you stop it for, you muff!" said another bystander; "it would have brought back the old gent's tile in no time, if you had let it go."

"Nothing like having two strings to a bow," said another; "go and fetch a looking-glass for the gentleman, can't you?"

The object of these remarks darted indignant glances at his persecutors, and then turned to Bertie, who still held the unhappy bonnet. "Take care of these things till I come back," he said, and, relinquishing to the boy's guardianship carpet-bag, umbrella, paper parcels, and bonnet, he started afresh in his pursuit. Fortunately for Bertie, upon

whom the stream of raillery was now turned, his fortitude was not put to a lengthened test. The hat, already captured, was restored to its wearer, who, returning, replaced with great care the bonnet in its box, and was gathering up his scattered load, when Bertie offered his services.

"I like best to be my own porter, young man," said the stout gentleman, wiping his heated and moistened face with a silk handkerchief; "but for once—well, I don't mind if I do, and thank you too; but you must step out: I shall be too late else."

Bertie raised the carpet-bag, and throwing it on his shoulder, waited the stranger's further movements.

"Straight on, straight on," said the gentleman, impatiently; "go before me, and then—yes, yes, 'tis all right, I dare say; but 'safe bind, safe find.' The White Horse Cellar, that's where I am going. Now for it."

Bertie thought the tone savoured more of command and suspicion than obligation; he "stepped out," nevertheless, silently, and before long reached the destination, not however before his arms ached, for the bag was weighty.

"I thought as much," exclaimed the stout gentleman, in a tone of vexation, as he entered the coach-office, and looked at the dial: "Is the Champion gone?"

"A quarter of an hour ago," replied the official thus addressed.

The disappointed traveller opened a good round volley of oddly-expressed grumble:—"The friends who had kept him at the breakfast-table; the wind that had blown away his hat; the hatter who had sold him the hat; the milliner who had packed up the bonnet; the wife at home who had commissioned him to buy it; the coach, for being so punctual on that particular morning, when at other times it was notoriously a slow coach; and lastly, the railroads, for having driven all the coaches, but this solitary Champion, off the road—the particular road that he wished to travel; the wife at home, who had exacted from him a promise—willingly made, however; he admitted that, for he hated "the whole boiling of it, like poison"—never to travel in the new-fangled way. Having discharged this battery, the stout gentleman's countenance cleared up, and, sitting down on a hamper, he turned his attention to Bertie, who stood, carpet-bag in hand, and looked him full in the face.

—"Well?" said he.

"Can I be of any further use to you, sir?" the youth asked.

"Use! why, yes; since you have carried my bag all this way, you may take it a step or two further; come with me into the coffee-room."

Bertie obeyed; and his *pro-tempore* employer tendered him sixpence.

"No, thank you, sir," said Bertie; "I didn't—"

"Why, you young rogue, you don't mean to say that sixpence won't pay you for your trouble, do you? Sixpences don't grow on every bush in my part of the country, young man."

"You did not hear what I was going to say, sir; I did not offer to carry your bag for payment."

"Oh, you didn't, eh? Well, now I look at you, you don't seem like a vagabond—"

"Sir!" exclaimed poor Bertie, with surprise.

"Sir," replied the gentleman, apparently amused and good-temperedly; "I said you didn't look like a vagabond; and that's a compliment, isn't it? You call yourself a gentleman, perhaps; but—" and the speaker cast a quick eye at poor Bertie's well-worn habiliments, beginning with the cap on his head, and travelling downwards to the patched and thin boots on his feet;—"but a gentleman with three outs, I should say."

"I don't understand you, sir," said Bertie, coldly; "and I had better go now."

"Stop, stop, young fellow; this won't do, either. I am going to have some coffee; you shall have a cup with me, for company."

"I have had my breakfast, sir," said the youth.

"Why, so have I; but that doesn't say I am not to have another, I suppose. When did you have your breakfast?"

"About two hours ago."

"Very well:—waiter, coffee for two, and rolls."

"Yessir—coming, sir—directly."

"But, sir—" Bertie began.

"But, sir, sit down," said the stout gentleman. "I have not told you yet that I am much obliged to you for your help this morning."

He was quite welcome, Bertie said.

"Then sit down, and —; here come the coffee and rolls."

Bertie sat down; for the coffee shed around a pleasant perfume, and the rolls were inviting; and, thought he, I have fairly earned it, and if I don't want so much dinner, why then—

"What are you waiting for?" asked the entertainer, seeing Bertie pause over his full cup. "Ah! I understand; very good, very right; well, say grace inwardly; that'll do now."

So Bertie said grace inwardly, and drank his coffee and ate his roll in silence, till interrupted by his temporary host.

"I say—wasn't I right?"

"What about, sir?"

"That you are a gentleman—a young one, to be sure—with three outs."

"I don't know what you mean, indeed," replied the youth, "by 'three outs.'"

"Why, first, without money." Bertie did not answer. "Second, without friends."

"You are wrong, sir; I have friends, very dear friends."

"I am glad of it; when I was your age, I hadn't any—none worth speaking of. I need not go on with my thirdly, then."

"What is that, sir?" Bertie asked, for he was amused.

"Thirdly, then, without—WORK."

The amusement was gone. Bertie couldn't stand that. He gulped down the last dregs of his coffee to hide his gathering tears.

"I thought so," said the gentleman, gravely; "I read that in your looks, long ago. If you have friends, why don't they set you to work? It would be more creditable to you and them, wouldn't it?"

Bertie looked his interrogator full in the face now. "I wish I had friends who could do it, sir," he added, after a pause, and his eyes swam with moisture; "I have no father."

It spoke volumes, this simple sentence; and

the bantering tone of the stout gentleman was gone.

"I beg your pardon, my boy, for having teased you. I oughtn't to have done it. No father! What was he? and what are you?"

Bertie told his name, and what his father once had been.

"Stop—Grafton, Grafton—that's odd; where did you go to school?" Bertie told him: "And run away?" said the gentleman, interrupting him.

Bertie again looked up:—"If you know I ran away, sir, you know why I did it perhaps, or you ought to, before—;" he stopped short, for every muscle in the stranger's face was strongly agitated; his lips were trembling; and if tears did not start, it was because the fountains were well-nigh dried up.

"You knew Tom Freeman?" asked the gentleman, in a smothered, choking voice.

"Yes, sir."

"I know you did—I know: he told me all about it; and you were very kind to him: he told me that too; and—and—poor dear Tom—poor dear Tom—he was my boy—mine—my name is Freeman. Poor Tom—he died—he came home from school to die;" and Mr. Freeman rose, and paced the coffee-room to and fro, until his agitation ceased, and then he sat down again.

"I am glad to meet you; glad the coach was gone; glad I have a day more in London. Where do you live?"

Bertie told him.

"I'll go home with you; are you going home?"

"Yes, sir; but it is a longish way."

"I'll go with you. You say you want work?"

"O yes, I do indeed."

"I'll go with you. Can you clean your own shoes?"

"If I couldn't, they would be very dirty now, sir," said Bertie.

"I'll go with you;" and he went; and the next week Bertie was a hundred miles from London—at work.

There are periods in the history of families in which there is but little diversity of incident; and in a few words we pass over, as one of these, the next three or four years of our family story, and thus hasten to its close. A peaceful and hopeful time it was with each of the Graftons. There was something to be endured, and something to be overcome; but they knew that "it is not best to have things work too smooth in this world," and so they were thankful that all the way was not rough. Their daily life was very humdrum, no doubt; but then, as somebody has said, "humdrum affairs need not be humdrum in the doing of them;" and theirs were not. Mrs. Grafton found friends who, more than Mrs. Blanque had done, appreciated her talents, and did not think it impossible or unsuitable for even little girls to be taught that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Lotté found friends also, two at any rate, in her employers; and we have no tale to tell, here at least, of dressmakers' wrongs. Lotté had no wrongs to need our knight-errantry; and we wish, in simple and earnest truth, to bear witness to the kind consideration of two gentle sisters, who, having themselves tasted the bitter cup of

orphanhood and dependent poverty, and then, by patient industry and continuance in well-doing, assisted by favourable events, attained to royal patronage, had never forgotten, in their dealings with their dependants, that they themselves were once what those dependants now were. To these loving and worthily-beloved sisters it was enough that Lotté was fatherless, to draw out their sympathy; and that she appreciated it, and loved them with all her full heart, is feeble praise. Before her apprenticeship was ended, her sister accompanied her in her morning and evening walks—not to and from Wellington-street, however—they had a pleasanter home then. And before Harriet's apprenticeship was ended, Bertie had grown up to manhood.

"* * * * And, Bertie"—it is another of Lotté's letters we are quoting—"we have had such a curious adventure. One day last week a gentleman called to see mamma. His name is Haycraft; and he brought a letter with him from Mr. Nelson, to introduce him. He said he had been a good while searching for her, and could only find out where she lived by going down to Mr. Nelson; and he heard of him through our poor old Mrs. Davis, though she isn't Mrs. Davis now. Mr. Haycraft says he is an old friend of papa, but mamma cannot recollect him at all, though he tried to put her in mind of one evening that he was at the old house at Islington—twenty years ago and more. Well, that didn't matter, he said, for whether she remembered him or not, he had reason to remember papa, for he was under great obligations to him; but he did not say in what way, only that it was something about money, and something else of more value still. He asked a good many questions about you, too, I can tell you; for he had not left when Harry and I got home; and we heard him. And then he went away, without saying where he lived, and mamma did not think to ask him. But, oh, Bertie! the next day but one came a letter by post, and in it was a bank note for a hundred pounds wrapped in a sheet of paper; and all the writing on it was, 'Proverbs xi. 25.' Mamma does not know what to do; so she has written to Mr. Nelson about it, and he will advise her."

"* * * * I have seen your Mr. Haycraft too"—it is Bertie who writes this—"and if you and mother don't know it by this time, I can tell you that he is one of the largest manufacturers in —. I cannot imagine what our father could ever have done for him; and Mr. Haycraft is very silent about it. But, what is of more consequence than knowing that, he has made it all smooth with Mr. Freeman about—you know who; and when I am three-and-twenty we are to be married, Lotté dear; and I am to have a share in the concern: 'Freeman and Grafton,' think of that; and Mr. Haycraft will help us to extend it. And Mr. Freeman says he never had any objection to the match, only that he could not bear the idea of dear Mary being poor all her life, as she might have been with me. And I don't blame him, Lotté, when I think of what our mother had to pass through years ago. But that wasn't because father was poor when he married, though; and

this puts me in mind of something he said one day not long before he died, and when I was with him alone: 'Bertie,' he said, 'you'll want to be married some day, perhaps?' I thought it was very odd he should think of that then; and I said, I didn't know, I didn't expect I should. 'Yes, you will, Bertie,' he said, 'if you live to be a man. I dare say you will; I *hope* you will; but remember one thing, Bertie, and promise me one thing.' Of course I said yes. 'Remember then, Bertie,' he said, 'that a man who cannot afford to insure his life, cannot afford to marry; and promise me that your wedding present to your wife, whoever she may be, shall be a life assurance policy.' He did not say any more about it, Lotté; and I did not understand very well what he meant; that knowledge was to come afterwards; but I have never forgotten my promise, and I'll keep it.'

LOO-CHOO.

THE Island of Loo-Choo, or Lewchew, or Lekeyo, or Leoo Keoo—for under each of these various designations it is to be found in different maps—lies in about 27 degrees of north latitude and 129 of east longitude, being situated about half way in a north-easterly course between Formosa and Japan. The island, which is almost surrounded by a number of small islets and coral-reefs, is about sixty miles in length, and averages not less than fifteen in breadth. Of its inhabitants, their form of government, their degree of civilization, their manners and customs, their religious ceremonies, and their means of subsistence, nothing certain was known until a very late period. We believe that Captain Basil Hall was the first traveller who favoured the public with any lengthened notice of the Lewchewans; and since his time the journals of other voyagers have contained incidental references to this singular people. It is to be regretted, however, that the reports of Captain Hall and his successors, being based upon hasty impressions, which, from the shortness of their stay in the island, they had not time to correct by repeated observations, are calculated to impart but a very imperfect and erroneous idea of the people they describe; and we are glad of the opportunity of laying before the reader some authenticated facts respecting them—facts replete with interest, and obtained from a source which insures their reliability.

It is now between seven and eight years since a few naval officers formed themselves into a society, and sent out a missionary to act as the apostle of Christianity among the islanders of Loo-Choo, with the hope of eventually succeeding, through his instrumentality, in diffusing Christianity among the secluded and interdicted Japanese, who are, at the distance of some three hundred miles, their northern neighbours. It has been conjectured on good grounds that the Lewchewans are Japanese in their origin, and not, as has been supposed, a colony of Chinese: this conjecture is borne out by the similarity in feature and in language to the inhabitants of Japan, and by the absence of certain customs among them, not to be accounted for on the supposition that they had originally emigrated from China. It was thought that if Japan were

thrown open to the access of Europeans—an event which, from the American expedition to that island, now in progress, is fast assuming a probable aspect—missionaries for the work of Christianization might be found among the native Lewchewans who should embrace the Christian faith, at once prepared and qualified for the work. It was with an ultimate view to this great object that Dr. Bettelheim, a physician, a Hungarian by birth, and a converted Jew, having been despatched by the naval mission to Hong-Kong, sailed from thence in the spring of 1846, and, with his wife, arrived at Loo-Choo in the month of May. Here, however, he met with a series of difficulties and discouragements which neither he nor the society had anticipated: the islanders fully justified their supposed descent from Japan, being, as far as it was in their power to be, as exclusive as the Japanese themselves. No sooner were they aware that it was his intention to take up his permanent residence among them, than they commenced a strategy of annoyance and persecution, which, though not characterized by violence, effectually prevented the success of his mission. They besought him earnestly to leave the island; and, finding that he was neither to be cajoled nor threatened into a departure, they forbade all communication with him, under some terrible penalty; surrounded him with a *cordon* of government spies, who dogged his steps wherever he went; warned off the inhabitants, who fled before him; and virtually confined him to the building, a deserted Buddhist temple, allotted for his residence, all approach to which was guarded by an ever-watchful police. What else they might have done to him, had they not been deterred by fear of the British government, there is no knowing. They were, in fact, themselves in a dilemma—fearing on the one hand to arouse the resentment of the Japanese, their masters, by harbouring a stranger; and on the other, not daring to incur the anger of the British, whose vessels frequently touched at their island, and as often, by the express direction of our foreign secretary, recommended the Doctor to their good offices. Urged by their fears, they petitioned in humiliating terms the British plenipotentiary at Hong-Kong for the summary removal of the missionary, who for four years and a half, without the encouragement of a single friendly face, beyond those of his beleaguered family, held out against them. At the end of that time, however, the bishop of Victoria, Hong-Kong, Dr. George Smith, arrived at Loo-Choo, in the steam-ship "Reynard," for the purpose of demanding an interview with the chief authorities of the island, and endeavouring by means of peaceful remonstrance to place the hardy missionary upon a better footing. It is to the bishop's narrative* of this expedition that we are indebted for the facts now offered to the reader.

Our space will not allow us to enter upon the details of the conferences which took place between the embassy and the *poo-ching*, the second, and subsequently with the *tsung-li*, the first, authority of the state. Some of the particulars are sufficiently amusing. The sight of the missionary

* "Lewchew and the Lewchewans; being a Narrative of a Visit to Lewchew, or Loo-Choo, in October, 1850." By George Smith, D.D., Lord Bishop of Victoria. London: T. Hatchard, 1853, Piccadilly. 1853.

being hateful to the Lewchewan authorities, he could not be present to act as interpreter ; every communication had to be made by the bishop, partly in Latin and partly in Chinese, to his own secretary ; the secretary did them into the Peking dialect to the Lewchewan dragoman, who in his turn put them into Loo-Choo for the island mandarins. Notwithstanding this tardy process, and notwithstanding, too, the deceit and the cunning, and the abject complaints and petitions of the mandarins—who would have given their tails to have got rid of the missionary—the business was, after a conference of two days, satisfactorily concluded, and better terms obtained for the devoted exile. The history of the conferences, as given by the good bishop, affords but an indifferent sample of Lewchewan morality. Both the poo-ching and the tsung-li, as well as the lesser authorities by whom they were surrounded, proved to be sad sophisticators, to whom expediency was everything and truth nothing ; and they submitted at last with an ill grace to abandon their system of persecution, only when they found that they had no alternative to choose. This grand affair at length settled, the embassy found themselves at liberty to spend a little time in the survey of the island. It is from the notes of the bishop, taken upon this occasion, and from a manuscript confided to him by Dr. Bettelheim, that we are enabled to set before the reader the following brief sketch of the Lewchewan race.

The population of the island is considered to be not more than fifty thousand in the whole. Of these, nearly forty thousand are resident in Napa and Shui-di, the two principal towns, and the rest are scattered over the rural portions of the country. A lofty mountainous ridge runs through the whole length of the land, over which winds a good road in a sinuous course, now approaching the eastern and now the western coast. The island boasts but one river, about forty feet in width, and a number of small mountain-streams, serving for irrigation. Of the real relations subsisting between Loo-Choo, China, and Japan, we are not yet in a condition to pronounce with absolute certainty. There is little doubt, however, that the island was originally peopled by a colony from Japan, and that to China they owe their partial civilization and their literature. It is to Japan that they look for protection in time of need, and there is a garrison of Japanese soldiers quartered at Napa. On the other hand, the schoolmasters of the island are Chinese, the descendants of thirty-six families who migrated from China at the period of the Tartar invasion, about 200 years ago. The only foreign trade of the country is that carried on with Japan, from whence junks to the number of twenty or thirty arrive annually, while a Chinese junk is never known to appear in their port. It is true that one Lewchewan junk is sent annually to China, and every alternate year an additional one : the annual junk is supposed to be a tribute offering paid by virtue of some ancient compact guaranteeing the independent sovereignty of Loo-Choo, and the biennial one a mere payment in return for the education of certain youths, a number of whom are despatched to Foo-Chow, the great emporium of learning, to be indoctrinated in Chinese lore. That Loo-Choo is not, as has been hitherto supposed, a

feudal tenure under Chinese supremacy, is evident from the fact that a Chinese stranger cannot show his face with impunity in the island ; he no sooner makes his appearance than he is hunted and dogged, pelted and insulted, just like a European. On the other hand, the Japanese have full liberty and equal rights with the natives, among whom they live unmolested, and, if they choose, intermarry and settle. From facts like these it is evident that much misapprehension has hitherto existed in England as to the actual political relations of these eastern islanders ; a misapprehension that perhaps might be traced to the fact that the Lewchewan monarchs receive formal investiture in their sovereignty, upon their accession, from a Chinese commissioner, without which they would not consider themselves entitled to the name of king, which empty honour is all they get in return for their annual tribute junk.

At the time of the arrival of the "Reynard" at Napa, there appeared to be an interregnum, the youthful successor to the crown not having yet received the Chinese investiture. The public functionaries of the government are appointed by the Japanese cabinet at Yedo. The first of these is the tsung-li-ta-chin, ostensibly the prime minister of the king of Loo-Choo, but virtually the vice-governor-general of the whole country ; and in him is vested the executive power. The second officer in rank and in power is the poo-ching-ta-foo, who exercises a subordinate authority over the southern portion of the island ; and the third is the te-fang-quan, the local governor of Napa. Next to these come the *literati*, who form one-fourth of the population, and may be regarded as the idle gentry ; their studies are the Confucian classics, in which they undergo examinations, and obtain, when successful, prizes in the shape of government appointments. From this class the public functionaries are selected : they are maintained by the toil of the peasantry and public slaves, and in return they act for the government as spies. The above constitute what may be called the upper classes. The lower classes consist of three distinct castes. The first of these is the wedae-o-gang, composed of the public messengers and other menial officers in the service of government, together with the lower class of traders, labourers, and mechanics. When engaged in the public service they receive no reward but their food, but they live in the hope of promotion to the rank above them, an elevation which they often obtain by purchase, or by mechanical skill, or even by improvements in the arts of agriculture. Next below these are the ha-koo-sho, who are the peasants or field-labourers : they farm the country at an exorbitant rent, paying to the government, as the lords of the soil, one-half of the produce, in lieu of taxes. The crops thus produced form the principal revenue of the government, and the means of subsistence to the literary class in their indolent abstinence from labour. The lowest class of all are the oo-bang, or public slaves, who possess neither civil rights nor personal freedom, and are abjectly subject even to the most capricious commands of the *literati*. These unfortunate serfs lead a life comparable only in wretchedness to that of the African slaves : they are at everybody's beck and bidding, and, receiving only the bare necessities of life in return for their

services, are politically deprived, not only of freedom, but of the right of acquiring it by purchase, the privilege of possessing property being denied them. Thus, upon one occasion, when some of them had performed a toilsome service for the bishop, and he wished to remunerate them for their trouble, they were afraid to receive the proffered reward, and could not be prevailed upon to run the risk which they would have incurred by accepting it.

The costume of this island population presents a novel picture to the eye of a European. The general body-dress is a loose flowing gown with large sleeves, and a fold or collar extending from the neck down each side of the breast—the men confining this robe by a cotton girdle, and the women leaving it unconfined. Among the women there are no crippled feet, as in China. The material of these dresses is a coarse kind of gray cloth. The lowest classes perform their daily labours in a state of almost perfect nudity—a rag of a few inches square constituting their only apology for clothing. They work generally without shoes, and, judging from the ease with which they run over the hard coral stones of which the roads are formed, the soles of their feet must have attained almost the hardness of a horse's hoof. With the exception of the magistrates and the agents of the government, none of the inhabitants wear any head-dress. The chief peculiarity in their personal appearance is the mode in which the men bind their hair into a top-knot. The crown of the head, to the extent of two or three inches, is shorn and shaven, and into the vacant space the surrounding locks are drawn and plaited into the form of a circular comb. By means of oil and lampblack mixed together, the hair is well greased till it has acquired the necessary lustre and consistency. Two hair-pins of large size are then passed through, one above the other, extending forward and behind a couple of inches each way, and the fore-end of the lower pin is ornamented with a kind of star. The rank of a Lewchewan is ascertained by the metal of his hair-pins—the *literati* and dominant caste wearing ornaments of silver, or some other white metal, while those of the lower classes are uniformly of brass: in this simple difference consists the sole external distinction of rank. The habits of the people are dirty in the extreme, worse even than those of the lower-class Chinese. The women occupy the post of drudges, and in both sexes there is a remarkable absence of anything according with an Englishman's idea of personal comeliness.

Among their popular amusements, the Lewchewans have no dramatic performances, such as exist in China, no jugglers, no improvising romancers. Although their modes and habits of life are simple, they are far from being virtuous: lying, fraud, and theft prevail among the common people to a deplorable extent, and entail no shame upon the convicted offender. The higher classes are polite and refined in manners, but are yet as vicious in morals as their inferiors. The prevalence of a system of oppression has the effect of debasing both the oppressor and the oppressed: a surer proof of this could not be adduced than is found in the position of their women. The Lewchewan wife, while she bears more than her share of menial labour, has no compensating privileges. Marriages

are arranged by relations, without a previous interview of the principals in the nuptial contract; and, if subsequently there happen to be no offspring, the wife may be sent back to her parents or family, and a successor is provided in her stead, whom a similar lot may await. Sometimes, when her family is too poor to receive her, and provide for her subsistence, a rich husband builds a little apartment or hut on the edge of his premises, in which one or more divorced wives are doomed to live apart in loneliness and degradation. The missionary knew one man who had divorced four wives in succession, when the fifth bore him a child, and remained as the mistress of the household. The women are never allowed to eat in the presence of the other sex.

But though their marriage customs are so degrading, their funeral observances are in many respects praiseworthy, and might in some degree be imitated with advantage nearer home. Thus they do not bury their dead in their cities, but in a burial-ground apart, and devoted exclusively to purposes of sepulture. "In the evening," says the bishop, "I took a walk among the tombs on a promontory overlooking the sea. Not even in China had I ever seen so vast a number of tombs constructed of so expensive and durable a form. They formed a mazy labyrinth of well-constructed masonry; and, like a number of streets intersecting each other in an irregular direction, these houses of the dead, in neatness, solidity, and extent, rivalled the abodes of the living. A wall on each side, from twelve to twenty feet in length, and eight in height, formed the little outer court. Opposite to the entrance was a little door leading into the vault, dug out of the rising ground, and extending several feet within, the portion behind sloping upwards, and being rounded off, so that the whole inclosure presented the form of an omega (Ω). The large sums which must have been expended on these tombs would appear inconsistent with the universal prevalence of deep poverty among the inhabitants. These family mausoleums are the resort of the people in the evening. They are said to spend much of their time at the tombs, and make periodical offerings to the spirits of their departed ancestors. They present offerings of eatables, and, when the materials of a feast have remained a certain time, that the ghosts may consume the subtle ethereal portions of the meat, the grosser material particles are taken away, and are feasted upon by the living at their own homes."

The religion, or rather the popular superstition of the country is Budhism, which, blended with the maxims of Confucius, forms the same kind of compound between political ethics and gross idolatry as that which exerts its influence over the popular mind in China. The bonzes, however, or Budhist priests, enjoy in Loo-Choo some degree of respect, which, as is well known, is not the case in China. Here it is a common occurrence for respectable families to dedicate a son to the profession of the priesthood, as one which in no way detracts from their social standing. They have many temples for the purposes of worship, in which strangers are at liberty to enter if they choose. At the commencement of the new year they devote a whole month to feasting and idleness. They adopt the Chinese custom of setting apart altars

for burning useless fragments of written papers, in order to prevent the desecration of literature by treading it irreverently under foot. An evidence of a very prevailing superstition which meets the eye in passing through the streets, is the presence of a great number of little images placed in a little opening or chimney in the tiled roofs of their houses, which are intended as charms and preservatives from conflagration. Sometimes they make a model of a house, and solemnly consume it by fire, in order to appease the divinity supposed to preside over that element, and to avert such a domestic calamity.

There are supposed to be about a thousand horses existing on the island ; it was in vain, however, that the bishop, and captain Cracrost of the "Reynard," endeavoured to hire some for their use ; their demand being met by the unblushing assertion that there were but two or three in the country, although the crew of a French vessel which had touched there some time before had been accommodated with fifty. They are strangers, however, to the luxury of a carriage, the only substitute for which among them is the "kagoo," a vehicle but one remove above the contrivances of savage life. It is described as a mere box, about two feet and a half in height, slightly roofed at the top, and open at the sides, with the exception of a little loose blind, used at will. This primitive machine is borne on the shoulders of two men, one before and the other behind, who run along, with the weight suspended diagonally forward, at an uneasy pace resembling a jog-trot, and at the rate of about five miles an hour. The traveller enters at the side, and has to squat or sit in Turkish fashion on the bottom of the vehicle, occasionally grasping the pole above to prevent being shaken out into the road, and generally clasping his knees with his hands close to his chin.

The productions of the island, upon which its commerce must be founded, appear to be copper, sulphur, and an extraordinary variety of fruits, many of which are found growing wild, and are consequently of an inferior kind. The bulk of the labouring classes is composed of agriculturists, fishermen, and mechanics ; the last-mentioned being employed in great numbers in the art of turning wood, and overlaying it with that peculiar varnish which forms lacquered ware or japan-work, in which employment the women also assist. There are but few good shops, in which the articles for sale are chiefly paper, clothing, tea, rice, and sweet-meats. Most of their traffic is carried on by barter, the island being destitute of a metallic currency of its own, and only importing stamped ingots from Japan for the special exigency of the Chinese tribute. They cultivate the sugar-cane to a considerable extent ; and the export of sugar, and a distilled spirit of great strength, called sakee, forms an important branch of their commerce. They grow tobacco in large quantities, the whole population being addicted to its use ; and they cultivate the cotton-plant sufficiently to provide the coarse kind of cloth of which the native dress is composed. Indigo is also grown upon the island ; and salt is manufactured by evaporating the sea-water in pools or pits along the coast.

The language of the Lewchewans, as spoken, is a mere dialect of the Japanese, but it is doubtful

whether they employ the Japanese system of writing. They read Japanese, and a number of the Japanese lyrics are preserved in the traditions of the people ; but they have no native literature, and no writer of the humblest pretensions to authorship has ever appeared among them. The studies of the native scholars are limited to the Confucian classics, and consist more in an apparently mechanical repetition of sounds than in any mental appreciation of the sentiments expressed. Though enjoying a reputation for quickness and shrewdness, the people are generally of an indolent cast of mind, their natural powers being debased by sensual habits and a perverted education.

Thus much for a sketch of Loo-Choo and the Lewchewans. The good bishop's mission to the island, as we have already hinted, was successful in procuring better treatment for the forlorn missionary. After the conferences were satisfactorily concluded, the tsung-li and a number of subordinate mandarins accepted an invitation to the "Reynard," where they were most hospitably received and honourably treated, and where they reciprocated the courtesies of Dr. Bettelheim, the missionary, to whom they were introduced. The great tsung-li unfortunately forgot his dignity when a salute was fired in his honour : at the first discharge, he started, jumped from his seat, and threw himself prostrate on the deck in terror. Some valuable presents, however, reassured him, and he and his party retired well pleased with the consideration shown them.

From information lately come to hand, we learn that her Majesty's ship "Sphinx" paid a visit to Loo-Choo in February, 1852, bearing a communication from lord Palmerston to the authorities of the place, and commissioned to make inquiry as to the position and treatment of the missionary. This visit was in every respect satisfactory ; the authorities expressing the most friendly feeling towards the Doctor, and the Doctor on his part reporting that since the visit of the "Reynard," in October, 1850, his position has been much improved, and that his medical labours among the inhabitants had been eminently successful during the prevalence of the small-pox. Thus it would seem that the perseverance and good sense which has characterized this Christian attempt upon Loo-Choo from the commencement is so far crowned with success, inasmuch as it has established a precedent for attempting at least the introduction of Christianity in a dependency of Japan. Under God's blessing, greater results may be expected soon to follow.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

We must be always so in God's fear as never to be out of it.

Those that truly fear God need not fear man ; and those that are afraid of the least sin, need not be afraid of the greatest trouble.

If thou fear God and walk in his ways, whatever befalls thee, good shall be brought out of it ; it shall be well with thee while thou livest, better when thou diest, and best of all in eternity.

The best evidence of our fearing God, is our being willing to serve and honour him with that which is dearest to us, and to part with all to him, or for him.

In vain do we pretend to fear God, if we do not make conscience of our duty to him.



ARTHUR'S SEAT, EDINBURGH.

"BLIND AS A MOLE."

On a bright sunshiny day "in the merry month of May," a few years ago, I found myself, in company with an old schoolfellow, scrambling all-fours over an abrupt piece of rock which looks up on the one side to Edina's hoary-headed guardian, Arthur's Seat, and down on the other into the placid face of Duddingston Loch. The spot is to a certain extent historic ground, for along this little valley the young chevalier's army defiled in 1745, on their way to the field of Prestonpans. I cannot exactly say what was the aim of our walk: certainly my friend had an eye to the picturesque, and inhaled many a good draught of light and shade; while I picked up tiny morsels of grass and trashy-looking weeds, eyeing them with greater glee than the Bathurst or San Francisco pilgrim fingers his jaundice-faced idol. Having no



NORTH AMERICAN MOLE.

exclusive object in our ramble, we felt at liberty to draw amusement and instruction from anything,

whether from the cirrus clouds chasing each other across the clear blue field of heaven, or those noisy gentlemen the sable daws, careering round the distant towers of old Craig-Millar Castle. The attention of my companion was attracted by a rustling noise close under his feet; and making a by no means graceful descent to the spot whence it proceeded, he noticed appearing from a compact mass of stones and rubbish the hind-quarters of a dark rat-looking animal, which seemed violently convulsed by vain efforts to pierce further into the ground. To solve, if possible, his difficulty, I joined him, and seizing the stumpy tail with as great glee, and almost with the same effect, as the malicious "cutty-sark" did that of the poor "mare Maggy," pulled from its dark and winding retreat a struggling mole. Many of our country readers, when boys, may have thoughtlessly caught such by means of a trap—thoughtlessly we say, for the mole is not an animal to be foolishly destroyed, as it often has been. As suddenly as a greasy-tailed pig the animal slipped from my fingers, and before I could retake him, was half buried among the roots of the grass: but when swung comfortably in a pocket-handkerchief, escape was impossible, and home we went with our prize, which puffed and snorted in the worst imaginable humour.

Anxious to watch the habits of our singular friend, a temporary habitation was constructed for him, from an old tea-chest, on which was fitted a glass lid, with sufficient apertures to admit an abundant supply of air. A quantity of earth served him for a bed, and worms, in dozens, constituted his daily rations. Could any reasonable mole desire more? And yet, on the third day from his capture, he was among the things which were!

Believing that some little interest may be taken even in a humble mole by the readers of the "Leisure Hour," I purpose to detail our observations, first, on his habits, and then on his structure. Determined to decide for ourselves, if possible, the much-vexed question of the mole's "eyes, or no eyes," we set about a series of simple experiments to test our friend's susceptibility to light. Of course we had the authority of many naturalists in favour of his eyesight, and among the rest, that of old Buffon; but, unfortunately for the credibility of all his statements, we had also read in the same gentleman's work, that four hundred men breakfasted on the egg of a dodo, and this dreadful swallow made us very suspicious.

As the box in which the mole resided was provided with a glass top, we could at pleasure keep him in comparative darkness, or shower in upon him a flood of light, by simply moving the gas flame so as to have it shaded by the side of the box, or placed in full blaze above the glass. When in the former state, the little nib-

bler devoured his supper of worms with great avidity, seeming to be as comfortable on the sur-

face of the mould as if in his subterranean burrow; but no sooner was the light brought to bear upon him than he displayed the utmost uneasiness, and dived into the profundity of the soil. In his marches also, which, by the way, though not so full of grace as a dancing-master's walk, were yet far from ungainly, he invariably appeared cognizant of the presence of an opposing obstacle without coming in actual contact with it, and turned right or left, face-about, in quite a dignified style. In some instances the smell of the obstacle might have been the indicator of its presence; but in order to overrule this objection, a variety of objects were employed, as the human hand, a piece of wood, a table knife, a bit of looking-glass, a tea-plate, and several other articles; and invariably with the same result: so that the next time a man runs his head against a post, we will try to forget the old saying, "as blind as a mole."

In the pursuit of his prey, we had another proof of our friend's eyesight. A few worms were dropped quietly into the box, out of the mole's sight: they speedily crept into the mould, but in their perambulations again saw light at intervals, not unfrequently a few inches before Mr. Mole's nose; but woe betide the unhappy wight who did so! he was carefully watched until an opportunity occurred of getting him endwise into the sharp-toothed jaws of his destroyer, when he was quietly munched up, just as a child would a stick of barley-sugar. This last fact was one of the most interesting which came under our observation. Why, with his strong jaws and lancet teeth, he would not seize a worm by the side, as I have seen a water-newt do scores of times, and make his own of it, instead of allowing one after another to scamper off from between his very jaws, I cannot understand; but that such is the case I am well assured. Our verdict on the eyes of the mole amounts to this, that the mole does see, but that his range of vision is very limited.

Having thus declared that our friend has the power of sight, it would be still more satisfactory to find, if possible, his eyes. For this purpose a party of young naturalists sat on his body, while one, with all the sage demonstrativeness of a Cuvier, proceeded with the work of dissection. As our observations on dissection of the head entirely agree with those of H. K. Creed, esq., of Christ's College, Cambridge, and published by him in the "Naturalist," February, 1852, it will suffice to give his account. "Having lately," he says, "been carefully examining the eyes of the common mole, I find that the little black tubercles which are seen, on turning aside the hair, on each side of the head, have each an optic nerve communicating with the brain." This is sufficient proof that the reviled little animal in question enjoys the blessings of sight; for surely an All-wise Creator would never form

an animal with all the apparatus for vision, and yet deny it the use of it.

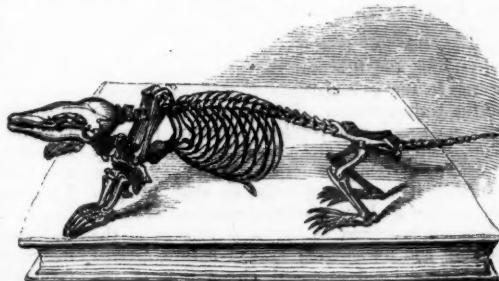
Passing now from the eyes to the general structure of the mole, the first thing that strikes us on



BOYS ENTRAPPING MOLES.

removing his coat is the extraordinary development of the muscles on the forepart of the body, in comparison with the hinder quarters. The arms, or fore-legs, are short, stiff-looking appendages, and covered with what would seem to be a superabundance of flesh. This, however, is not the case; large as the quantity is, it is firm, useful flesh, giving healthy strength to every action of the body. The chest also is protected by a thick and broad expansion of muscles. But, lacking a-day for the hind legs, they are as poor as a rat's. Certain it is, that were the creature divided about the middle into two pieces, it would be difficult to get over the impression that the one part belonged to a larder resident, and the other to a poor half-starved outcast. The aim in this unequal distribution of flesh is very evident. From the nature of the mole's habits, it requires prodigious strength in its fore-quarters, that it may overcome the many obstacles to its subterranean explorations.

Nor is the difference in the skeleton less marked. The bones of the hind leg exhibit no material difference from the corresponding bones in lighter animals, being elongated and cylindrical in shape, as in the legs of a hare or rabbit. In the fore-legs, however, we have a structure which almost defies description, though we hope by aid of the



SKELETON OF A MOLE.

accompanying skeleton to give some notion of its peculiarities. To begin with the scapula, or

shoulder-blade, which in man and most other mammals assumes a somewhat triangular form, having two flat faces, one of which is ornamented with an upright ridge: this bone is familiar to every one who has picked the fiddle-bone of a rabbit. In the mole the scapula loses its expanded form, and appears as a prismatic club, with three sharp edges, and furrows between them. Collar-bones attach the shoulder-joint to the breast-bone, and are present only in a few of the lower animals, as monkeys, kangaroos, bats, and two or three others. In shape, it may be said generally to resemble Hogarth's line of beauty, being a long and beautifully curved bone; in our subject, however, its length is contracted, and its breadth increased, being a short thickened body, with greater breadth than length. Next look at the humerus: instead of a fine long cylindrical bone, a shortened, flattened, and sinuated piece of osseous matter is presented, with curves and points, and flats and depressions, sufficient to puzzle a mathematician. The aim of this wonderful formation of bone is the same as that of the large development of muscle; namely, to give sufficient strength to enable the burrowing creature to overcome almost any difficulties, and resist impending dangers, which would inevitably destroy an animal of another organization.

It is impossible, in contemplating the anatomy of such a creature, not to feel that it is as perfect in its kind as the gigantic elephant, or the well-proportioned horse; and that it as forcibly displays the power, wisdom, and goodness of the great and benevolent Maker of us all.

RECENT ENGLISH UTOPIAS.

A STATE of society free from vice and suffering has been a favourite theme with imaginative minds from a very early period of history. The Atlantis of Plato, the Utopia of More, the Oceana of Harrington, the Isle of Pleasures of Fenelon, the Gaudentia di Lucca of Berkeley, are all developments of this yearning of the human heart after unalloyed mundane happiness. Many other instances might be adduced, but our object is rather to exhibit recent attempts to reach this state of ideal felicity.

The period is not too remote for the memory of even young readers, when Robert Owen published his "Book of the New Moral World," having propounded his views as early as the year 1816. His early history offers nothing particularly noticeable, so far as we are aware. Before the publication of his book, he had travelled in America, France, Switzerland, and Belgium, and had submitted his theories to the governments of Holland, Prussia, and the United States. This treatise contains his views on social and political economy, religion, ethics, metaphysics, and education. And a very captivating system it is—especially on paper. How admirably it works in practice we shall see presently, when we have given some account of it.

Religion is defined to be "a knowledge of the unerring and unchanging laws of nature, derived from accurate and extended observation of the works of the great Creating Power of the universe, and the practice of charity for the feelings, convictions, and conduct of all men;" including for all, "equal right to express their opinions respecting

the Supreme Power of the universe, and to worship Him under any form or in any manner agreeable to their consciences, not interfering with equal rights in others." It is not at all to be wondered at that those who disseminated these principles sometimes forgot the charity which they professed, and attacked Christianity with a virulence which contrasts strangely with the doctrines just enunciated. Owen was compelled to censure these outbreaks; but having taught his disciples to cast off the wholesome and powerful restraints of Christianity, his own cobwebs made but a puny resistance to the unbridled passions of the human heart. The metaphysical views of Owen induced him to lay the doctrine of necessity as the foundation of his social system. Man, he tells us, owes his character to two causes—to his organization when born, and to the external circumstances in which he is placed. In short, he is a thorough fatalist; and man, according to this scheme, is a mere machine. Rewards and praise, punishments and blame, are all alike condemned. A good organization and good society are the panacea for diseased humanity, and these requisites were to be obtained by living in communities which were to become more and more advanced in socialist rationality, and consequently—that is, according to socialist logic—more and more virtuous and happy.

Agricultural and manufacturing associations, with unity of interests, were to be established in different places. Each community was to live under one roof, and science was to exhaust all her ingenuity in devising plans for shortening the time for labour and lengthening that for intellectual improvement. One kitchen, one dining-hall, one nursery, was to suffice for each association, and education was to be in common.

This was the gigantic bubble which Owen blew, and very prettily it glittered under the beams of socialist imagination. Let us now see how it burst. In 1841, the socialist body began to test their theory upon 1200 acres of land in Hampshire, upon which they erected a large building, named "Harmony Hall." It was arranged into three compartments—the first comprising the library, the reading, conversation, and dining-rooms, and over these the bed-rooms of the unmarried inmates; the second comprising the offices of the superintendents, the storerooms, and over these the dormitories of the married inmates; and the third comprising the school-rooms, the baths, and the bed-rooms of the children above them. The building was ventilated, warmed, and furnished with hot and cold water in a scientific manner, and the culinary conveniences were well contrived. Fifty or sixty socialists were located at this place, and employed in agricultural and mechanical labours. At first the tune went on smoothly, but gradually discordant notes crept in, and Harmony Hall became decidedly inharmonious. The exotic disciples murmured; they wished to dwell in Harmony Hall too, and grumbled that it had cost more than 30,000/- to start about fifty individuals on this new highway to felicity. The favoured travellers to socialist bliss wished to manage their own affairs and to elect their own governor, but those who had invested capital in the scheme opposed these wishes. The result was, that in July, 1845, the scheme proved a failure,

its property was sold, its weekly organ died, and shortly after the society itself shared the same fate. Thus the bubble burst.

The halls of science established in many large towns are said to have cost the socialists upwards of 20,000*l.*, and to have numbered 30,000 attendants at one time.

But it must not be supposed that socialism is extinct because the society which advocated its principles is dissolved. Some of the socialists emigrated in 1843 to the state of Wisconsin, in North America, and in 1845 a body of them went to Venezuela. Many also joined co-operative societies in this country. In 1842, a metaphysical mystic, named Greaves, died, leaving behind him a number of disciples, who started a communist society, called the "Concordium," at Ham, in Surrey, which became extinct in two or three years. These regenerators of society set about their exalted labours in a different manner from the socialists. Marriage was to be put under peculiar restrictions. Long beards, long hair, and chocolate-coloured tunics, seem also to have formed items in this valuable system. Hard mattresses, and cold baths too, were approved of, and in this respect at least they seem to have acted sensibly. They were all vegetarians. Raw vegetables were preferred by many of them, who believed that cooking would rob their food of its spiritualizing powers. Conceive to yourself, reader, a long-bearded, long-haired, and chocolate-tunicked disciple munching a raw cabbage, and refrain from laughter if you can!

The White Friends, who occupied a large house at Usher's-quay, Dublin, and a fine mansion about five miles from London, advocated also the community of goods. They were originally seceders from the Society of Friends, and wore long beards, white undyed clothes, and went bareheaded, and many of them barefooted likewise. They also adopted a vegetable diet, and did not employ surnames. Their religious opinions, however, are said to differ but little from those of the body from which they originally separated.

In 1843, a young man founded a communist church. This was a pantheistic society, and its doctrines were announced as the continuation of Christianity. The style used by the founder was as peculiar as his creed. He appeared to consider himself as the Messiah of a new dispensation, and descended upon beautiful communist mansions, in which the inmates would, in progress of time, dine off gold and silver plate in magnificent halls. Splendid pictures and strains of music were to add to the charms of the banquet. The happy communists were to be conveyed by steam from one mansion to another, or balloons and aerial ships were to be at their service if they preferred ethereal travelling. To this nonsense we only reply, that when these vagaries of a diseased and heated imagination are realized, sober-minded people may listen to the ravings of such a day-dreamer; but not before then. Of the recent history of this body we know no particulars.

The fantastic doings of a set of enthusiasts who dwelt in an abode which they styled "The Abode of Love," surprised the readers of the public prints a year or two ago, but their history appears to be too recent for a lengthened notice. They still

occupy a place in the newspapers. To a thoughtful mind, the recurrence of the Utopian idea offers food for profitable meditation. It seems to point to the truth, that man is destined for a brighter and happier world than that which he at present occupies. That men should have been so deluded as to pursue the phantom of that happiness whose substance Christianity freely offers to the famishing soul, is a melancholy subject of consideration. To warn others against this profitless chase is one great object of this paper; to point out the true way to a bliss superior beyond conception to the brightest anticipations of communist writers, is another. The true abodes of happiness are those alluded to in the words, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

HOW SOMETHING WAS DISCOVERED.

MORE than half a century ago, a mysterious tube was directed towards the starry sky. The fashionable town of Bath was the spot from whence that tube arose, and to many regions of the many-spangled heavens did it point. A curious eye gazed along that tube—the feeler, as it were, of a still more curious mind. In ignorance, dark ignorance, had that mind been while young; but years had passed on and brought important changes. That mind was no longer uncultivated at the period when its eye gazed down that tube. Rapidly were its powers developing; and with truth it may be said, that few higher intellects have ever been delighted with the wonders of telescopic revelations than the mind of that poor organist of Bath. For even thus was it that Sir William Herschel, in the year 1781, while organist of the Octagon Chapel at Bath, discovered a new planet.

This planet, like all other planets, and like every little child, must of course be named, for the purpose of recognition when alluded to; so, after a good deal of discussion, and being called by some Georgium Sidus and by others Herschel, Uranus was finally agreed to, as being a suitable, convenient, and intelligible name. All this time, however, whether as Georgium Sidus, Herschel, or Uranus, a pair of sharp eyes on the other side of the channel were watching him, and for a long, long time afterwards did they continue to watch him. But this process of close observation was no very easy matter. The distance of the planet is such that, although its diameter is more than five times that of the earth, it is invisible to the unassisted eye, and in order to make it appear as a bright speck of appreciable size, it must be magnified two hundred times. Then, too, the weather will have its own way, in spite of astronomers. So, what with rainy weather, and cloudy weather, and bright moonlight nights, which are

as fatal for astronomical purposes as cloudy ones, it required much patience to make many observations on this little speck in the heavens. But Monsieur Bouvard had patience—sufficient patience, too, to obtain many particulars of the heavenly stranger in due time.

Astronomers are a curious set of fellows, never satisfied, always restless, always aiming after something that appears perfectly hopeless to persons of ordinary ways of thinking. As an illustration of this remark, take the case of Uranus. No sooner was it discovered, than they immediately began to pry into the mysteries of the relation it bears to our earth, or the sun, or the moon. It was not enough to be able to tell how many unimaginable millions of miles it is distant, or how many thousands of miles it is in diameter, but they must needs find out how long it will be before it has performed its voyage round the sun; how many times it is pleased to turn on its own centre in the course of a year; or how much a pound of iron or a hippopotamus would weigh if transferred to its surface. Now one of this prying set was M. Bouvard. The observations he made, and all his calculations, were for the purpose of ascertaining its periodic time of revolution—an inquiry preparatory to many of a still more prying nature. Patiently performing all the operations of adding, dividing, subtracting, and multiplying, M. Bouvard expected the result would give him the place in the heavens in which the planet should be found at a certain time.

But, most unaccountably, Uranus seemed to have a will of its own. Spite of all M. B.'s endeavours, and spite of all his re-observations and re-calculations, Uranus never was to be found in its right place; at least not in the place M. B. assigned to it. Sorely perplexed and unhappy was he by reason of the irregularities exhibited in the unaccountable movements of this planet. In vain were the processes of division, addition, multiplication, and subtraction, gone over again, again, and once again. It appeared as if he had been a little too strict in marking out the line Uranus was to travel. It is true, these aberrations were but comparatively trifling; nevertheless, the planet did not move with the straightforwardness and regularity to be expected from so highly respectable an individual.

The result of all this observation, calculation, perplexity, and disappointment, was that Monsieur Verrier, a French astronomer, received all the data obtained by M. B., to try if he could ascertain the cause of this vagrancy. This gentleman cogitated deeply over the matter, examined the figures and calculations, and finally concluded that this irregularity could not be caused by the attraction of Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, or the Earth, or any other body within the orbit of Uranus. He concluded, therefore, that such disturbance was caused by an unknown planet, revolving outside the orbit of Uranus. The observed irregularity corresponded, in fact, with that which would be produced by the attractive power of a body beyond it.

Next arose the question—supposing this hypothesis to be true, was it possible to find the position of the unknown body by calculation, taking the amount of its disturbing influence as the data. M. Verrier, the Frenchman, and Mr. Adams, of Cambridge, both thought it quite a feasible proposition,

and accordingly both, unknown to each other, set about the computation. The amount of labour involved in working out such a problem is overwhelming. This will be readily admitted when we state that Mr. Adams has since published his calculations, which occupy 940 printed pages. However, as the "longest day will pass away," so did this operation come to an end; and in the month of September, 1846, Mr. Adams made known to Professor Challis, of the Cambridge Observatory, the result of his labours, and intimated to him that if he looked in a certain place in the heavens, he would discover a new planet. Professor Challis not long afterwards examined with a telescope the locality specified, and out of 300 stars observed, against one made the note, "This seems to have a disc." Not having a chart of the stars of that portion of the heavens with him, he was unable to determine at the time whether it was other than a fixed star. A short time elapsed, and M. Verrier also communicated to Dr. Gelle, of the Berlin Observatory, the result of his investigations, naming the position in which the planet ought to be found. The same evening, in comparing the stars in that locality with a chart of the heavens prepared by Dr. Bremiker, Dr. Gelle perceived a star not laid down in that map, which proved to be the planet. Dr. Gelle was therefore the first to make the discovery known to the world. The honour of actual discovery, however, has since been given to Mr. Adams, because the star noticed by Professor Challis was found to be the planet.

We have in this instance unquestionably a most extraordinary triumph of science. What would Galileo have thought, if any one had stated to him his belief, that at some future day, from merely observing the irregularities of a planet—itself invisible to the naked eye—the exact position of another, an unknown planet, should be foretold? What would his holiness the pope have said? What would the very reverend vicars-apostolic and inquisitor-general have done? Probably such a prophet would have been treated as an impostor or a madman, and most certainly as a heretic. But there is Neptune, as the new planet thus discovered was named, still rolling in silent majesty along its distant orbit; far beyond the range of vision—far also beyond the orbit of distant Uranus—so far away indeed in the depths of space, that light darting along 192,000 miles in a second would be nearly five hours traversing the enormous distance between our sun and that planet! Yet man, by his mental powers, succeeded in discovering its true place, though so immensely distant—man, a tiny speck on a globe so small, that were one of our astronomers, with his best telescope, transferred to Neptune, or even to Uranus, it would baffle his most careful scrutiny to discern the smallest speck in the pathway along which our earth rushes; still, though so insignificant, aided by his fine instruments, his delicate eye, and his subtle mind, he pries into all the sublime secrets of nature about him, discovering and revealing wonders without end.

LONDON FIFTY YEARS AGO.

WE happen to have before us at this time a "Picture of Modern London," published exactly

half a century ago, the examination of which suggests some remarks that may interest our readers. We do not dwell on subjects of mere statistical detail, such as the increase of buildings, population, and wealth, and other things which can be measured and numbered, as these are familiarly known, and often referred to. Suffice it to say, that the population, which was then under a million, including strangers, now amounts, in the same area, to two millions three hundred and fifty thousand. The consumption of wheat, which was then 700,000 quarters annually, is now nearly 1,600,000. In almost every article of provisions the supply is far more than doubled, and in many respects the change in the markets indicates the general increase of the wealth and of the comforts of the people. We are told, for instance, that in those days "poultry was seldom seen at the tables of any but the wealthy and luxurious, and the prices were exorbitant." There are now sold at Leadenhall Market alone 1,270,000 fowls annually, and of geese, ducks, partridges, and grouse, nearly the same number. Of bullocks, the annual consumption in 1802 was 110,000, and of sheep and lambs 776,000. The Smithfield sales alone are now about 225,000 cattle, and 1,820,000 sheep. The author of the "Picture of Modern London" pauses in his details to denounce what he calls "the detestable nuisance of Smithfield, a disgrace to the police and to the corporation of London." After the lapse of fifty years this nuisance has received its death-blow, but not till it had long stood as a striking instance of the tenacious vitality of public abuses. Our guide-book warns strangers not to linger in Hyde Park or other open places after dark, "as it is impossible to shut out robbers and other evil-disposed persons." Directions are also given to persons who may be attacked in the streets by night, when a "cry of 'watch,' three or four times repeated, will bring up the assistance of several watchmen." Travellers are recommended to use every effort to enter London by daylight, "as they are subject to two evils during the last stage—that of being robbed by highwaymen or footpads, or of having their luggage cut from behind their carriage." What an altered state of things is represented by merely naming the new London police force and the metropolitan railway stations. We have not yet much to boast of in the improvement of street carriages. In number they are vastly increased, and omnibuses and cabs have displaced the old stages and hackney coaches of the beginning of the century. But as to the comfort of the vehicles, and civility or honesty of the drivers, we are much in the same state that our fathers were.

The number of hackney coaches in 1802 was only 1000, and there were still 400 sedan chairs in regular use for hire. On the river 3000 wherries plied, instead of the steamers which have now almost supplanted them in the water between London and Westminster bridges. Some curious notices of steam power, then beginning to come into use, occur in this book. In the description of Mr. Whitbread's brewery, we read that "one of Watts' fire-engines works the machinery. It pumps the water, wort, and beer, grinds the malt, stirs the mash-tubs constantly when wanted, and raises the casks out of the cellars. It is able to do the work of seventy horses, though it is of a small size, being

only a 24-inch cylinder, and does not make more noise than a spinning-wheel." About the security of the railroad-travelling by steam now-a-days we can scarcely dare to say much, but the perils are different from those to which our author in 1808 referred, when he describes "an armed guard travelling always with the mail coach, the rapidity of which is unequalled in any country, and the present rate sixpence per mile." The inland post office is another field on which we are now enjoying the benefit of vast improvement. Great, too, are the improvements in lighting, paving, water-supply, and, in spite of our sewerage defects, in draining. But most striking of all is the change in that instrument of public opinion by which all other improvements are mainly to be sought. After enumerating the journals of that day, the writer says, "It is to be regretted that the assistance and the talents employed upon these supposed representatives of the public mind are not more equal to the difficulty and importance of the undertaking." If we were asked to give any single index of the changes of the past half century, a copy of the "Times" newspaper of 1803 and 1853, would, in the appearance, contents, and influence of the two papers, afford the most striking illustration of the two epochs. In the comparisons which the volume before us suggests, it is chiefly in the general progress of the people that satisfactory results are perceived. A separate chapter of the "Picture of Modern London" is devoted to a sketch of "society and manners," the improvements in which are even more marked than those of an external and physical kind. We have much to mend yet in social life, apart from the private evils with which neither legislation nor police can interfere; but the gibbet is not now seen on the public roads, nor are "eight or ten criminals frequently executed in the public street, in the centre of the metropolis, in the broad light of day, the populace looking on as at a rare-show, and the scene, become familiar by repetition, scarcely exciting emotion." In those days the difficulties of the young females who are now known as "distressed needlewomen" were attracting much attention, and a chief cause was assigned, which is worthy of serious notice. Until the beginning of this century it was as rare to find young men employed behind the counter as it is now common in certain departments of business. "It is no uncommon thing," says our chronicler, "to see men employed in the most effeminate branches of art and commerce;" and after describing "the man-milliner as the most conspicuous in this class of innovators," he speaks with indignant contempt of "perfumed coxcombs measuring the riband or folding the gauze," while young women are thrust out of occupations suitable to their sex, and the few employments left to female industry are overstocked.

Many interesting literary and historical recollections are also suggested by a perusal of this book of "London Fifty Years Ago," when Pitt and Fox were leaders in the House of Commons, when Eldon was Chancellor, and Ellenborough Lord Chief Justice, and when Mr. Davy lectured at the Royal Institution, Count Rumford presided over the "experimental dinners," and the keepers of the British Museum slumbered in Old Montague House.—*Literary Gazette.*

Varieties.

A CRYSTAL STRUCTURE FOR SHIP-BUILDING.—One of the most recent applications of glass on a large scale, of which we have heard, is in the case of a shipbuilder's firm in Glasgow, who have contracted to have their building-yard covered with that transparent material, and lighted with gas. In this structure they will be able to build several first-class ocean steam-ships at once, the men working full time comfortably in all sorts of weather. This is the first application of Sir J. Paxton's beautiful invention to such a purpose, but it will probably not be the last. The cost of the erection will be about 12,000*l.*, and the *New York*, the new vessel for the Glasgow and New York Steamship Company, it is expected will be the first vessel launched from under this crystal palace.

SEED OF THE TOBACCO PLANT.—A discovery which may prove of some commercial importance has been made by a British resident in Russia, namely, that the seed of the tobacco plant contains about fifteen per cent. of an oil possessing peculiar drying properties, calculated to render it a superior medium, especially for paints and varnishes.

PENNY POSTAGE.—By a late proclamation, the penny post system has been extended to the whole of the Danish monarchy, so that a penny stamp will now frank a letter to either Schleswig or Holstein.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—There will be *twenty-seven* Saturdays in the half-year ending December 31, 1853.

EFFECT OF LEGISLATION ON DOGS.—We find from several provincial papers that these animals are being massacred in consequence of the alteration in the assessed taxes, which now includes all the canine species in the impost, and presses more heavily than before upon those who keep the ordinary kinds of dogs.

THE NEW METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY.—The works of the Great Central Gas Consumers Company, situated on Bow Common, which have lately been completed, possess a power of production equal to eight hundred millions of cubic feet of gas per annum. Their cost was only 210,000*l.*, one seventh of which sum was spent in law proceedings necessitated by the opposition of other companies. Works of such magnitude, with such power of production, have never before, it is believed, been constructed for less than three times the amount. Their street mains are nearly 70 miles in length. Their four gas-holders can store nearly two million feet of gas, produced by retorts placed in two rows of arches—the one over the other—each upper arch containing six clay retorts, and the under arch seven of iron, and each retort producing on the average 8000 cubic feet per day. The fires heating the retorts are but seven inches wide by twenty-eight inches long, which is only about one-fourth of the size generally in use. An ingenious expedient is also resorted to for getting rid of the offensive coal-tar—one of the greatest abominations usually connected with gas-works. Instead of being permitted to accumulate and pollute the air, it is carefully stored in tanks, and introduced into the fire as fuel to heat the retorts.

RABBITS IN PARIS.—A gentleman, relating the incidents of his travels while in Paris, says:—“I entered a *restaurant* on the other side of the Seine, and ordered a rabbit. I was green—verdant as the first cucumber, even as early peas—or I should not have done this. The rabbit came, and I offered the *Moniteur* to an old Frenchman opposite, whose eyes were fixed upon my plate, but he bowed a negative. The bow puzzled me. It was too much. ‘Monsieur has not been long in Paris?’ ‘No, I have just arrived.’ ‘Monsieur is going to eat that?’ ‘Yes; may I offer you a slice?’ ‘Monsieur will allow me to make a small observation?’ inquired the Frenchman, with a frightful *visage*. ‘Certainly,’ I replied, becoming alarmed. ‘Monsieur, that rabbit once *mewed*,’ he replied, with the utmost gravity.”

NEW MOTH.—At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society, Mr. Westwood exhibited the cocoon of a new moth from tropical Africa, which he thought might be brought into use as a new material for textile fabrics.

HOLYROOD PALACE.—This interesting building is henceforth to be open to the public every Saturday, free of charge. Improvements are also to be made on the grounds, so as to render it an attractive spot not only to the inhabitants of Edinburgh, but also to strangers visiting the city.

GIGANTIC CHIMNEY.—A monster chimney near Manchester, commenced on the 7th of December, 1852, has lately been completed. Its dimensions have rarely been exceeded. Its height reaches 270 feet, the diameter of its outward base is 26 feet, and the aperture for smoke 7 feet. The structure contains 507,000 bricks, and it serves for a number of furnaces, in which there is an aggregate weekly consumption of 190 tons of coals.

NEW EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE NIGER.—It is in contemplation to fit out another Admiralty expedition to explore the source of this river, with the view of promoting civilization in Africa, and opening up new channels for commerce. It is considered that the present is a fitting opportunity for prosecuting this great undertaking, inasmuch as the mortality on the coast of Africa has of late somewhat decreased.

THE PANOPTICON IN LEICESTER-SQUARE.—In the dreary vacancy which has so long been observable in Leicester-square, London, there has suddenly sprung up a substantial edifice, which is beginning to attract curiosity from its singular style of architecture. It is in imitation of a Saracenic structure of the 14th or 15th century, and has been erected by a company bearing the title of “The Royal Panopticon of Science and Art.” The objects of the institution are somewhat similar to those of “The Polytechnic” in Regent-street, so well known and so highly appreciated. The building appears to the visitor, on entering, to be a lofty, star-domed, galleried temple, sparkling with all the gold and colours of the Alhambra, but characterised by an admirable taste and uniformity of style. It is lit from the top and from a few side windows. In order to darken the building for exhibition purposes, an apparatus has been fitted to the windows, by which they can all be closed simultaneously. For artificial light the gas is to be used in chains of single suspended argand lamps of Saracenic character, 200 to 300 in number, and an electric stream of light will expand its rays, if practicable, from the dome. In the centre of the ground floor is a fountain of very novel pattern, which will throw up streams of different-coloured waters at the will of the exhibitor. Around the fountain will be placed various pieces of machinery in motion, while the remainder of the ground-floor will be occupied by casts of eminent works of British sculptors.

The galleries are to be let off for bazaar counters, but no articles are to be exhibited or sold, unless they are manufactured publicly on the spot. The crafts will be of the most miscellaneous description, in order to furnish variety of subjects. One counter, for example, has been taken by an ivory-turner; another by an artificial flower-maker; and a third by a hatter. The principal feature, in the way of pictorial illustration, will be an optical Diorama on a very large scale. Scenic representations are to be here given, exceeding in dimensions anything of the kind yet exhibited. In the recess, behind the sliding-field of the Diorama, an enormous organ is being erected, of the same calibre as the famous instrument in the Town-hall of Birmingham. Indeed, it is said that it will not be inferior in power to any organ in Europe.

For popular experimental lectures, there are two spacious theatres and a laboratory. The steam-engine, the telegraph, the lathe, and the loom, will be exhibited in all their various modifications, and an electrical-machine is being constructed of proportions far exceeding anything of the kind ever known or contemplated before. The glass plate, already in the building, is ten feet in diameter! The machine will be worked by a steam-engine. The front attic of the Panopticon building is occupied by a beautifully constructed suite of photographic-rooms, and classes are formed for instruction in the art. It is expected that the institution will be opened towards the close of the year.